



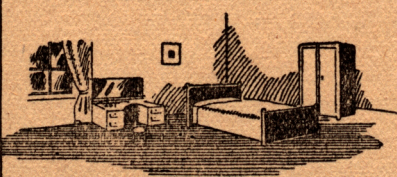

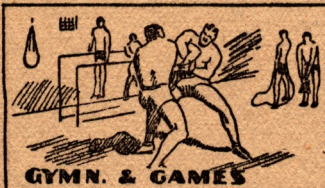

Tattersall's Club Magazine

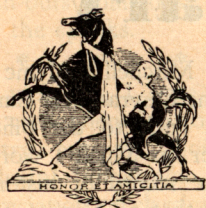
The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 9. November, 1943.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

		BEDROOMS				FLOOR 5	
						FLOOR 4	
						FLOOR 3 me 33.	
							FLOOR 3
							FLOOR 2
							FLOOR 1
							GROUND FLOOR



Established 14th May,
1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY

Chairman :

W. W. HILL



Treasurer :

S. E. CHATTERTON



Committee :

GEORGE CHIENE

A. G. COLLINS

DAVID A. CRAIG

JOHN HICKEY

A. J. MATTHEWS

JOHN H. O'DEA

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD



Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

●

WHETHER a horse should run for the general public or for its owner—otherwise, whether a public favourite should become “public property” for the occasion—is a poser which need not be answered here. A good case might be made out for both claims, according to the special interests involved. Only the horse is neutral.

Generally, however, this and similar issues are resolved in the common good by common sense and observance of the unwritten code of sportsmanship by all parties.

It is well that there should be no austere law governing all human behaviour. Some of our best-respected laws are not committed to the Statutes. Sportsmanship in its ethical sense may not be defined by legal jargon. Sportsmanship defines itself. It is largely a matter of scruple.

Rewards for sportsmanship are not paid in cash prizes. Often there are no rewards at all. Usually the public is niggardly in its recognition. But, broadly, the man who observes the unwritten code may safely be indifferent to public clamour, which does not necessarily spring from the purest motives at all times, and at some times descends to exhibitionism.

The Club Man's Diary

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS: 14th, Mr. C. Salon; 15th, Mr. F. D. Foskey; 17th, Mr. H. L. Carter; 22nd, Mr. J. H. O'Dea; 26th, Mr. R. R. Coote; 27th, Mr. L. Noakes; 29th, Mr. W. H. Davies; 30th, Mr. "Barney" Fay.

* * *

On Metropolitan day a group in the official stand recalled the occasion when a Sydney trainer was fined a fiver for having suffered a cattle dog to be taken behind the barrier to inspire or intimidate an erratic horse into starting.

I remember a day before a race meeting on the Darling Downs (Queensland) when a cattle dog heeled an obstinate horse round the course and was behind the starting post next day when the nag got away to flying starts in two races.

Perhaps a better method would have been to have employed the technique of another rider who took hold of the rein of the horse alongside him and jerked it into its stride. Riding behind this horse he urged it on with strokes of the whip.

Then there was the method of the rider who stood up in his stirrups and slashed with his whip at the jockey who threatened to pass him in the straight. All who howled on that occasion were the bookmakers.

The foregoing suggests that under racing rules and starting methods in the big cities the authorities are far too conservative. In the outback in those days the punters demanded a run for their money.

* * *

The man controlling the destiny of stricken Poland is Stanislaw Mikolajczyk. S.M. Herald" informed us that the name is pronounced "Micko-lah-chick."

The mob call him "Micko."

* * *

On the 29th anniversary of the Battle of Mons, "Chicago Tribune" recalled the myth of the bowmen of Mons which had a lively run in the news of the day. It dealt with a rearguard action in Belgium: British riflemen, about to be overwhelmed by the Germans, were reinforced by ghostly archers—spirits of their an-

cestors who had fought at Crecy and Poitiers—and under a rain of supernatural arrows the enemy withdrew.

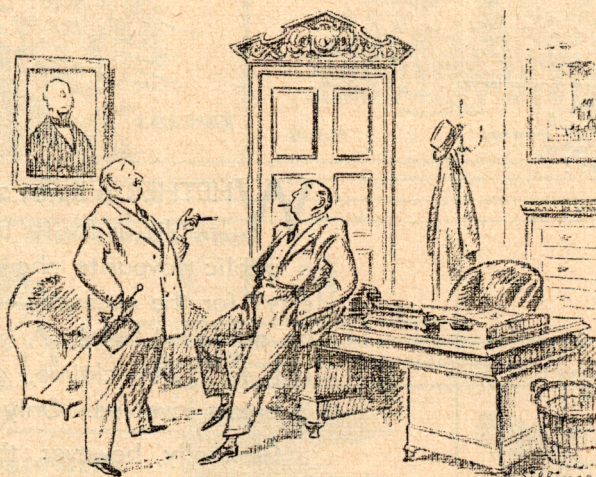
The fable spread over the English-speaking world like a folk-tale. Months afterward its origin was explained: Arthur Machen, a writer with a genius for supernatural themes, had written such a story as fiction

Jimmy Mitchell told me the story of how the Guyra ghost came to pass. I dashed back to the office of the newspaper on which I worked, looked up the record of historic Edicts, including that of Nantes, and to this solemnly added for publication: "Edict of Mitchell—Ghosts Must Cease."

Since then there has been a slump in spooks.

* * *

This newspaper determined to challenge spiritualism—or spiritism—about the time of Conan Doyle's arrival. As I get very creepy about these things, I was not an applicant for the job of putting the campaign over—one of those stunts a newspaper starts occasionally in the silly season. I got the job nevertheless.



"How about bringing your wife and some grub over to dinner at our place to-morrow evening?"

("Punch")

for a London newspaper. He was amazed when he discovered that his fanciful tale had been widely accepted as fact.

* * *

It was the time when the Guyra ghost was rampant and spook specialists arose everywhere to investigate the stone throwing on the roof of the "haunted house"—with a supernatural mystery which the agnosticism of the police force—Commissioner James Mitchell in particular—rejected scornfully. However, the bombardment continued, despite increased surveillance.

Spiritists were shouting something about "Now bring out your big black batons," when the materialistic Mitchell dispatched an urgent telegram to the local sergeant of police. The officer was given to understand that if the ghost, or ghosts, did not disappear, pronto, something would happen at headquarters. Thereupon the spirit moved the sergeant, or the sergeant moved the spirit. A perfect, permanent quiet descended on Guyra.

We guaranteed—under the heading "Spooks, Ahoy!" to pay £25 to any person who could produce ectoplasm—a substance which all the best ghosts regurgitate. We offered also to pay the expenses of a medium.

As you may have gathered from my writings here, I have met in a crowded newspaperman's life many extraordinary characters. I have shaken hands with a hangman, but definitely declined a close-up of his prowess from the spectator's gallery.

However, the weird collection that called on me during that campaign could have had counterparts only in a waxworks (Chamber of Horrors Section). They looked spooky and some of them smelt spooky. But I happened (while it lasted) to retain my reason sufficiently to turn out a lurid communique daily. In the end we kept our £25. Nobody could produce the goods. But no newspaper has since staged such a side-show. Those bathing beauty com-

petitions that afflicted us pre-war were wash-outs compared with this parade of the spooks.

* * *

Of the violinists, I have heard all of world consequence who came to this country, and my choice is for Mischa Elman. Those who can speak with appreciation of classical merit—and I cannot—declare for Kreisler as the peerless artist.

When I heard Elman I was younger and more romantic; there was with me someone fond and fair. I remember when I said, "His tone is like that of a muted organ," she answered, "What pretty words you choose to express yourself."

* * *

When I heard Kreisler the years had toughened me. I could see genius flashing from his bow and I came under the spell of his tone. That evening I wanted to prepare a notice for my newspaper—an impression, rather than a critique—but, strangely enough, the pretty words would not come to me at the time, and I abandoned the effort. Probably Kreisler was spared something.

* * *

If it's torture they want to give Hitler, in due course, then I have a suggestion: play him a record for one hour continuously of the Andrews Sisters singing "Kalamazoo." If he's not writhing by then, the guy's too tough—better let him go.

* * *

In the previous war it was said that, when the Germans captured Portuguese, the jesting Huns took away the braces and belts of their captives and shooed them back toward the Allied lines, firing into the air and rattling cans to speed the parting guests.

Musso's "escape" strikes me as probably fitting into that picture, with the exception that he was allowed to retain his braces.

* * *

To have held Musso would have raised for the Allies the immediately awkward problem of bringing him to justice. The shrewd old diplomats probably realised at once that a dead martyr would be a greater liability to them than a living hero, assessed from the possibility of winning over the Italians bloodlessly, or comparatively so.

The Allies foresaw also that, once released, Musso would beat it to Germany, set up a Fascist Government under Hitler's protection—and any slaughtering of Italians would be done by Germans, not by the Allies.

So a live Mussolini is a greater asset to the Allies than a dead dictator—specially as the Allies in due course can stretch out and screw his wretched neck, if some countryman of his doesn't despatch him first with da stiletto.

As for Count Ciano, I think that he should be handed over to the Russians as prima ballerina.

* * *

One of the good old-timers among sportsmen, Mr. E. D. Clark, is on the seriously ill list. His many club friends extend their sincere sympathy.

* * *

The reference in this paragraph from "The Sun" is to the son of Mr. Fred Wilson, A.J.C. handicapper:

The 440 and 880 yards free style records of Plymouth (England) Naval Pool are held by Petty Officer C. Wilson, former Bondi-surfer.

Bondi swimmer Flight-Lieut. Stan Heaton (R.A.A.F.) says this in a letter to a friend. Serving in England, his squadron, of which Mervyn Miller, North Bondi lifesaver, is a member, won several events at a swim gala at the pool.

* * *

When Kingsford Smith returned from the war his people were anxious to see some of the decorations he had won. A search of his kitbag revealed not a relic of the fighting line. A much-worn photograph of Nellie Stewart—given by her to him before he enlisted—was the only mascot he carried.

That photograph went with Kingsford Smith through the Great War. During his Pacific flight it was under the pilot's seat. In every subsequent flight the photograph was with him. It went with him in the Southern Cross Junior, hurtling over the burning sands of Persia, and the impenetrable jungles in his flight onward to Darwin.

Kingsford Smith's Military Cross—awarded during his association with the Air Force in France—was once left by him pinned to an old coat behind a bedroom door in a boarding house. It was returned to

him. Shortly afterwards he left the decoration on the floor of a taxi cab. Again it came back to him. His mother tried to persuade him not to take it with him to England, but he said it might come in handy, and he slipped the Cross into his pocket. He brought it back that time.

* * *

A badly damaged Halifax in a Canadian bomber squadron came safely back from the last raid on Cologne although one propeller was completely shot off; of the three other engines, one barely worked, another had been hit and damaged, and a third had its cowlings shot off; flak had made holes in the wings, ailerons and fuselage; the astrodome was shot away; and the bomb doors would not close. While over Cologne the four engines all stopped at once when the Halifax was thrown on its back and a parachute broke loose, rolled against the control panel and turned on all the lights. The flight engineer almost fell through the shattered astrodome when the Halifax was upside down. He was only kept from falling because his shoulders were too broad to go through the cowling. The doors of the rear turret got jammed and the gunner was trapped when the pilot gave the order to bale out, and the navigator was almost out of the escape hatch when the pilot told him that there was no need to bale out after all.—"The Times."

Since the foregoing was written the flight engineer has been posted missing.

* * *

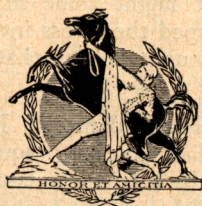
A friend complained to me in the club room that he was roused very early in the mornings by the crowing of roosters and, he said, it didn't seem that anything could be done about it. I mentioned a contrivance of my own invention which is fixable to non-stop nuisances like roosters. Once the gadget is adjusted the birds indulge all the pretence of neck-stretching and wing-flapping without generating so much as a squeak.

A small axe is presented free with each packet. No coupons.

* * *

I am not Scotch. Properly to appreciate the national poetry I might need a translator. Burns nevertheless nestles near to my affections. History

(Continued on Page 5.)



A NIGHT OUT

FOR THE TROOPS ★

Members and their ladies are invited to happily rendezvous at the Club House on our next Big Carnival Night . . .

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16th

in aid of Tattersall's Club War Charities.

★ From the proceeds the following Institutions will benefit:

THE ANZAC BUFFET

PRISONERS OF WAR FUND

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL HUT

ST. MARY'S HUT AND C.U.S.A. NAVAL HUT

WOMEN'S ALL SERVICES CANTEEN

THE AMERICAN CENTER

Prizes for players will be available in quantity and quality and a string shopping bag, concealed in purse or pocket, suggests itself as a handy accessory for carrying home the reinforcements.

Steam will be up at 7 p.m., and the pot will be kept boiling until whistle-blow at "say when"!

Yours for a night out with a kick in it!

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

Put a circle around
it now — **THURSDAY,**
DECEMBER 16th, 1943

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

tells that he was offered as a gift either one or two farms—one productive but prosaic, the other unfer- tile but set amid picturesque scenery; a river nearby. It is recorded that "he made the poet's choice."

I know what some money-grubbing modern would have done; grabbed the productive plot, made a pile, and re- tired to the city. Burns had the artist- soul, and surely found, in his turning aside from riches, immortality.

As a poet, Burns produced some of the sweetest songs of any age; as a prosperous farmer his name might have been perpetuated through a prize pumpkin.

* * *

A gambler in the throes of a crit- ical illness, when the reflection from the Golden Gates—or was it the fur- nace?—seemed a little too realistic for his liking, sought the consolation of a priest respected for his tolerance and sportsmanship.

"Father," asked the ailing one, "is it true that we all have wings when we get to the other side?" Not wish- ing to destroy a pretty fancy in a hard doer, the priest replied: "Yes, my good man." The gambler reflect- ed a moment, then said: "Very well, Father; when we meet there I'll fly you for a tenner!"

* * *

Ernest R. Pope, in his new book, "Munich Playground," reveals that Hitler celebrates two birthdays. In addition to April 20, the date of his birth, he celebrates August 16, the anniversary of his entry into the Ger- man Army. On that day every year Germany's military leaders call on him and wish him a "soldier's birth- day."

We hope our military leaders will soon be calling on him and wishing him a "sailor's farewell."—"Camel," in "Smith's Weekly."

* * *

Four-Square Gosseller Van Eyk, who died in South Africa, had sev- eral exciting experiences as he carried on his mission to convert hard-boiled Australians. He was ducked in a pond by a critical crowd at Mackay. More terrifying for the evangelist was an incident at Freshwater, outside Cairns, where he had gone to pre-

side at a mass conversion by baptism.

Just as Van Eyk was about to duck the first candidate, his attention was distracted by a stirring in the reeds. Next, the jaws of a crocodile appear- ed. Gradually the body emerged. Without excusing himself Van Eyk hastily postponed the ceremony and ran. The gallery began also to take fright until they observed that the croc. was a fake. It had been placed there the previous day by a practical joker and was pulled along by wires.

* * *

But the joke is not always on the visitor. Years ago a man arrived in an Australian capital city, and plastered the hoardings with promises to divulge the secrets of a certain sect which has a universal member-

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SUPPORTS

73

AUSTRALIAN

PRISONERS OF WAR

ship. As he charged moderate prices for admission the hall was packed with agents and stickybeaks.

At 8 p.m. the man, attired as a sheik, rode on to the stage on a donkey—which it was learned later he had hired from a local livery stables—and, holding an arm extend- ed in what we have come to recog- nise to-day as a Nazi salute, passed across the stage and into the wings. Taking this to be a prelude, the crowd waited—and waited—and waited. Eventually the lights went out and a shuffling old man carrying a lantern appeared and addressed the audience in hoarse tones: "Haven't you people got any homes?"

You guessed right—it was a hoax. What became of the hoaxer? He was not found, nor was the old chap who had shuffled on stage. Some said that the pair were identical; you

guessed right again—the rent of the hall wasn't paid, nor was the man from whom the donkey had been hired. What a nerve—yes, and what a rake-off!

* * *

The talkies had just arrived to settle in Sydney when H. S. Dettman, then headmaster of Sydney Grammar School, and a movie magnate of the era engaged in a public debate on "the new science as a form of enter- tainment. It was a friendly rhetorical spar, with the educationist pulling his punches in the form of quips and covering up with a feigned innocence, even ignorance, of the movies, with occasional cynical jolts in close. However, Dettman finally crossed and put the count on his op- ponent with this one: "I am not so well informed as to the merits of the talkies as compared with the movies, but I have been told that empty pitchers make the most sound."

* * *

I don't know much about euthan- asia, the method of easing one across the border by drugs, or whether those drugs provide flickering souls with the visions vouchsafed de Quin- cey (see his "Confessions of An Opium-Eater"). I know that I fought terribly when they tried to put me off temporarily while a septum was straightened—relic of my football days.

Yet there must be something in this sweet oblivion for some. Recently a beautiful woman, while coming out of the anaesthetic, sang for the be- wildered surgeon, physician and staff two verses of "When I Grow Too Old To Dream."

On the other hand there was the dread of the fine little lady who went to the previous war with her hus- band—she as a nurse, he in the in- fantry. She had heard what the Diggers said when they were coming out of the anaesthetic. When the time came to go on to the table, years later, she feared that, while fuddled in mind, she might repeat what the Diggers had said. She de- cided that to avoid anything so ter- rible she would concentrate on speak- ing French once she began to regain consciousness. As it worked out she was too ill to talk or to care, but in convalescence she was relieved might- ily to be assured of her silence.

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB



RED CROSS

ART UNION RACE MEETING

To be held on Randwick Racecourse

SATURDAY, 11th DECEMBER, 1943

PROGRAMME

THE COMBINED SERVICES' TRIAL HANDICAP.

(For Horses Five-Years-Old and under.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £4 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Greater Union Theatres Pty. Ltd.)

THE VOLUNTARY AIDS' HANDICAP.

(For Two-year-Olds.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

FIVE FURLONGS.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Consolidated Press.)

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE HANDICAP.

(For Three-Year-Olds.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

ONE MILE.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Tattersall's Club.)

THE A.I.F. QUALITY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Highest handicap weight, 9st. 5lb. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Associated Newspapers and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bancks.)

THE RED CROSS CUP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £750 added and a Silver Trophy valued at 200 Guineas, presented by Messrs. Viner & Hall. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

(Prize Money kindly donated by Allied and Associated Liquor Trades.)

THE DIGGERS' HIGH-WEIGHT HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 9th December; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st.

ONE MILE.

(Prize Money kindly donated by "The Sydney Morning Herald.")

CONDITIONS.

ENTRIES.—The Entries for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of the A.J.C., Sydney; V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 29th November. The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

WEIGHTS.—Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 6th December, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

ACCEPTANCES.—Acceptances are due with the Secretary, A.J.C., Sydney, ONLY at 1 p.m. on Thursday, 9th December.

OWNERS OF HORSES NOT SCRATCHED BEFORE THAT TIME BECOME LIABLE FOR THE BALANCE OF THE SWEEPSTAKES.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (unless otherwise provided) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance. **No race will be divided.**

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule of Racing 50.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise. Entries for any of the above Races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney

GEO. T. ROWE } Joint Hon.
T. T. MANNING } Secretaries.

ENTRIES CLOSE AT 4 P.M. ON MONDAY, 29th NOVEMBER, 1943.

RED CROSS CUP

Art of the Silversmith

Competition for the Red Cross Cup to be run at Randwick on December 11 should reach an all-time high.

Connoisseurs of the silversmith's art who have viewed the trophy are prepared to explore every avenue to own the winner, if only for a day.

Overtures will be made to lease likely horses for the race, by people who are not regular owners.

From inquiries made among A.J.C. officials there is nothing in the rules to prevent an enthusiast from leasing a horse for a limited period providing the necessary papers are filed according to the rules of racing.

Already one temporary owner is in the field. He is prepared to pay a reasonable sum for a horse fit and capable of winning the big race on December 11, take only the trophy as his share, and pay over the prize-money, which totals £750, to the owner when he returns the horse after the race.

Apparently the sporting side of racing still exists despite so many of its publicised material aspects and emphasis of the sordid side.

Leasing of horses for a day or for a race is not an uncommon practice, although new to Sydney, and this promising development will be watched with interest.

The trophy, however, already has made such an appeal that few real owners are prepared to by-pass such an opportunity and say even now they are not interested in the cash consideration.

The horse for the day owners, however, are still hopeful.

Donor of the Cup, Mr. F. Viner Hall, readily agreed to an approach by the Red Cross Committee and has handed over probably the most outstanding cup ever raced for in Sydney.

The trophy is an object of art. Standing some 24in. high, it is made from 300 oz. of silver worth £150.

The workmanship of early in the last century or earlier (even the ex-

perts cannot agree) is of exceptional skill. Later, the cup can be inspected by the public in the window of one of the big city stores. For some weeks it has been an object for admiration in the clubhouse.

The motif is aptly symbolical for Red Cross Day, a combination of mercy and victory.



The Red Cross Cup.

Arrangements are well in hand for the meeting, and the total prize-money, £3400, already has been subscribed by various persons and organisations.

The committee, which is representative of the city's racing clubs, is looking forward to a record day to augment the funds of the great international organisation which has done, and is doing, so much for the unfortunates of all nations.

Dogged Does It!

An instance of the difficulty sometimes experienced in arriving at a clear statement of a simple rule is quoted from the minutes of an English borough council meeting by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge in their book "The Reader Over Your Shoulder: A Handbook for Writers of English Prose."

At the meeting of the borough council one councillor objected to the wording proposed for a notice, "No dogs must be brought to this park except on a lead," on the ground that such an order "would not prevent an owner from releasing his pets, or pet, from a lead when once safely inside the park." He offered as an improvement: "Dogs are not allowed in this park without leads."

"Mr. Chairman, I object," cried another councillor. "The order should be addressed to the owners, not to the dogs." The other then amended: "Owners of dogs are not allowed in this park unless they keep them on leads." Objection: "Strictly speaking, this would prevent me as a dog-owner from leaving my dog in the back garden at home and walking with my wife across the park."

Suggested: "Nobody without his dog on a lead is allowed in this park." Objected: "Strictly speaking this notice would prevent me, as a citizen who owns no dog, from walking in the park without first acquiring one." Amendment: "Dogs must be led in this park." Objection: This reads as if it were a general injunction to the borough to lead their dogs into the park." Amendment: "All dogs must be kept on leads in this park." Passions rise, the chairman interposes with another amendment: "All dogs in this park must be kept on the lead."

Carried unanimously, "with two abstentions."

THE *Prudential*

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
(Incorporated in England)

THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN
THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF
NATIONS.

- Over £100,000,000 subscribed to Government War Loans since the outbreak of war.
- Over 12,000 members of the Staff are in the Forces.

G. J. M. BEST, F.C.I.I., General Manager for Australia and N.Z.
F. D. FOSKEY, A.C.I.I., Assistant Manager for Australia and N.Z.
R. C. CHAPPLE, F.A.I.I., Agency Manager for Australia and N.Z.
L. W. OFFORD, F.I.A., Actuary for Australia and New Zealand.

Life Assurance — Fire — Accident — Marine Insurance.

The Custodian of YOUR FAMILY'S FUTURE

THE BURDENS ARE GREAT; THE RISKS MANY.

Now-a-days no considerate man appoints a friend as sole Executor and Trustee under his Will. The burden is too great, the risks too many.

Far better to appoint Perpetual Trustee Company Limited. If it be desired to link the friend up as counsellor, by all means appoint him as Co-trustee with the Company that is so well equipped to bear burdens of responsibility; that can guarantee a continuity of sound administration of your Estate based on 57 years' experience.

Write for a copy of "Your Executor and Trustee," that explains the Company's service and what it costs.

Perpetual Trustee Company, Limited

DIRECTORS :

T. H. Kelly (Chairman), Hon. T. A. J. Playfair, M.L.C., E. R. Knox, H. Norman Pope, Allen C. Lewis, W. Deuchar Gordon.

H. V. DOUGLASS, Managing Director. P. CURETON, Manager. Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney for Absentees and others, Administrator, etc.

Trust and Agency Funds under Administration exceed £61,500,000

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

City Mutual Fire Insurance

Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, Houseowners' and Householders' Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.



ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED
IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

H. V. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.

For Reliable Service

The N.S.W.
**FRESH FOOD
& ICE CO LTD**
25 HARBOUR ST
SYDNEY
Telephone M2981



Milk
Cream
Butter
Ice
Fish
Poultry

IN MEMORY OF ASCOT



Royal Ascot was such a curious relic of the 19th century that future Social historians may find it quite difficult to believe that this anachronism flourished, its peculiarities unimpaired, between the two wars, actually surviving until 1939. We ourselves, only four years from the day of its death, have come to regard it as a great oddity, and probably would not remember it at all had it not been so forced upon the public notice that it was almost as much a feature of the English summer as chestnut time at Bushey, or strawberries and cream. It was certainly not a function that could be ignored; it could be seen from many different angles and in many different lights, but seen it had to be. Indeed, for Londoners, it had rather the effect of some great battle raging in the suburbs of their city, a battle in which only professional troops were engaged, in which the citizens themselves had no stake, but in which, nevertheless, they were almost obliged to take a perfunctory interest. The newspapers, of course, hotted it up to an exaggerated degree.

Any mother, they gave their readers to understand, who intended to produce a daughter at this affair, would need the energy and foresight of some general officer launching into the field an entire army corps. Organising ability, attention to detail, character and courage must furthermore be allied in this lady to the sternest disciplinarian qualities. The reader of Society paragraphs might well picture the following scene: A house in Grosvenor Square, 9.30 a.m. "Jenkins, please go to Miss Priscilla's room and tell her 'Hi di hi!'" "Miss Priscilla says 'Ho do ho,' m'lady, and she'll be downstairs immediately." And, punctual to the moment, Miss Priscilla parades for her fitting, her manicure, her hair-dressing or other fatigues considered so necessary in the spit-and-polish school to which her mother belongs.

Again, according to our glorious free press, the whole question of equipment could hardly be overestimated. Royal Ascot was a four-day battle reaching its climax of smartness on the third, or Gold Cup day—but for the combatant it was lost before it began should she be obliged, through parental meanness or lack of foresight, to appear twice in the same dress, hat, shoes, gloves or even carrying the same bag. Furthermore, owing to the uncertainty of climatic conditions, there must be two outfits for each day, one designed for the tropics, the other for the South Polar plateau.

Of course, the newspaper, like some old club bore embroidering upon a story, tended to exaggerate; debutantes have been known to wear the same pair of stockings twice and to have got away with it. All the same, the question of equipment was a grave, an absorbing one, straining the imagination and the family resources to their limit. As in total war, cost had to be utterly disregarded and the Chancellor of the Exchequer—poor papa—managed as best he could, expecting no sympathy from the General Staff. There was no pretence that any of the dresses would ever appear again, even an English debutante could hardly get herself up as such a guy twice, and papa was not deceived by murmurs about Goodwood, Lords or the Garden Party.

The illusion of battle was greatly heightened, for the Londoner, by the departure, on each morning of the races, of troop trains from Waterloo. With flags flying, bands playing, and uniforms glittering, so to speak, they drew out of the station with their load of infantry, of fresh recruits and steady old veterans of the line; while the motorised units poured down Kensington High Street. All day, rumours from the battlefield were rife, and in the evening the hospital trains began to creep back, bearing their load of casualties.

Gone were the gay sights and sounds of the morn, battered and shattered remnants, they would creep down the platform, the dowagers padding on stockinged feet, unable to endure for another moment the day-long agony of tight glaze shoes; their daughters staggering about, eyes red and inflamed, lifting the roof with tremendous hay-fever sneezes. Everybody besmirched to the waist in that mud which battlefields always seem to be made of. Incidentally, the weather, usually so changeable in England, has for decades preserved an unbroken rule in Ascot week. Radiant early morning sunshine tempts forth unspeakable fancy dresses, which a sharp shower at about two o'clock and a steady down-pour from teatime onwards reduce to a dreadful state of sodden squalor.

Another pleasant aspect of this affair. Royal Ascot was one of the few occasions here below where it literally PAID to have been good. For observe, the sinless ones who were admitted to the Royal Enclosure were thereby attending the cheapest race meeting of the year, at a cost, to sinless woman of £4, and to sinless man of £6, for the four days. The wicked, on the other hand, cast into outer darkness for having been divorced or (horrors!) on the stage, like fallen angels were considered to have no sex, and were charged, male and female alike, the curious sum of £7 15s. In addition, should they wish to view the racing (an unlikely but conceivable whimsy) they must pay a further £5 5s. for a stall. Having made this outlay, they were allowed the intense happiness of mingling with the virtuous in the Paddock, though even there there was no possibility of burying their dreadful past, because the Children of Light were not only bathed in the intangible glow of righteousness, but also each bore, upon his or her immaculate bosom, a brooch of white vellum, upon which was beautifully inscribed, in a clerkly hand, his or her full names and titles. Between

(Continued on Page 10.)

Do You Know?

- **THAT** we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- **THAT** any man can, and every man should learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath.



Promote new growth with McMahon's Hair Restorer . . . easy to apply, economical and pleasant to use. McMahon's Hair Restorer is quickly effective in cases of falling hair, baldness, alopecia patches, scalp dryness. Excellent for dandruff, which goes in a few applications. Harmless to the most delicate skin. Use McMahon's, too, for keeping the hair lustrous and soft.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

McMahon's
GUARANTEED

HAIR RESTORER

In Memory of Ascot

(Continued from Page 9.)

races, therefore, the angels and the fiends rubbed shoulders, hobnobbed and even perhaps took a glass of champagne together; then, as though at an invisible signal, sheep and goats drew apart, the former proceeding to Elysian fields, the latter to some dreadful limbo only too well deserved. . . . "Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. Worthington, don't put your daughter on the stage—."

Inside the Royal Enclosure, so beautiful to look at with its hydrangeas and its noble occupants, fair without and chaste within, one would have supposed that all must be harmony and perfect bliss.

Even this hallowed spot, however, was still a part of the world in which we live, even its occupants still wore their earthly caparison of flesh and blood. Even in such precincts jealousy and envy sometimes raised their heads—imagine the feelings of some poor girl faced by her greatest rival gowned from head to toe exactly like herself. Then there was a rule wisely forbidding the weaker sex to approach the bookmakers (low fellows) so that they must persuade a gentleman to place their wagers for them. This led to bitter disappointments, misery ("Oh, look, I've won £20. What did you say, George? Not in time to put it on?"), recriminations, and even tears. And was there not one famous occasion when the Gold Cup itself, that Grail of race-goers, was ravished away under the very noses of all that is best in our English aristocracy.

In short, once it had been attained, the Royal enclosure was very much like any part of any racecourse. There were stands where one could sit and from which one saw the races, there were boxes in which the very wealthy distributed drinks to their friends, and there was a strip of so-called grass where the women could show off their dresses; high white heels sinking deep into the earth.

It soon became apparent to the observer that woman was decked out so dottily in order, not to rival her

sister woman, but that far more serious competitor, the horse. Any healthy young Englishman prefers horses to girls, and there was, you know, a sporting side to Ascot. There was the young entry to be observed, there were such mysterious beings as owners, trainers, jockeys and even tipsters, and these claimed the undivided attention of the male racegoer, so beautiful but, alas, so aloof, in his shining black or grey top-hat.

Should his eye fall for a moment upon the ravishing girls around him it was an absentminded glance; those pink and white complexions meant no more to him than did the pink and blue hydrangeas round the Royal Box. For Ascot provided the best racing of the whole year, important racing, too, supposed to be a guide to form and to assist the punter at subsequent meetings.

Huge sums were generally lost here and the bookmakers gathered in a rich harvest.

No wonder poor females felt themselves to be at a discount, obliged to make superlative efforts in order that they might attract the attention of the chaps. And try they must, for, had they failed they would have starved to death. All the luncheon tents were the property of London clubs, and the only chance of getting anything to eat was to be invited by a member.

Fortunately the English male is a kindly fellow. At about one o'clock filling eyes and drooping lips beneath crinoline hats would obtrude themselves upon his consciousness, and the poor hungry women somehow always did get gathered up and fed.

Has Ascot gone for good? Not the racing, but all the silliness and extravagances? Probably not. When other battles are happily ended we shall probably once more be treated to the spectacle of that great four-day fight between woman and her enemy the horse, of which the result is foregone conclusion—defeat, temporary perhaps, but none the less humiliating, of woman.

(Lilliput.)

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

A Queer Snooker Position Crops Up—New Rule Required to Meet Unusual Situation—Another New Game Suggested for Adherents to the Green Cloth.

No matter what the sport, some remarkable things happen—things which beat all the rules and leave players in a quandary. Such a thing happened on a recent date in a game of snooker played at Halifax (Eng.) when the referee, rightly or wrongly, ordered a game to be re-played. It was a "money match," and when the last red had been potted, scores were level, with the yellow dead in front of the centre pocket with the cue-ball straight behind and only inches away. The veriest novice could have sunk it, but there was a catch. During earlier play the green ball had been left on the lip of one of the top pockets and was covered by the black and touching. The veriest touch, even a heavy step on the floor near the pocket would in the opinion of the players cause the green ball to fall into the pocket. That, of course, would mean giving four points away. The striker was awake to the danger, and instead of sinking the yellow, which would force him on to a covered green next, decided to play safety. His opponent, fully alive to the conditions, decided on similar tactics and so the game went on—a stalemate. After fifteen minutes of deliberate missing the referee's opinion was sought and he ordered the scores to be wiped, the balls respotted and the game replayed. There is no rule in the book to govern such a situation, but the controlling body—the B.A. & C.C.—will no doubt tackle the subject without delay.

The well known English authority, Riso Levy, suggests the position could be overcome with a rule which required all the pool balls to be spotted and, after tossing, to break from hand, the striker should have to play on the blue ball, but the potting of it to be counted as a foul shot—five away. He would therefore play for safety with this opening shot and the game thereafter would proceed in its natural course.

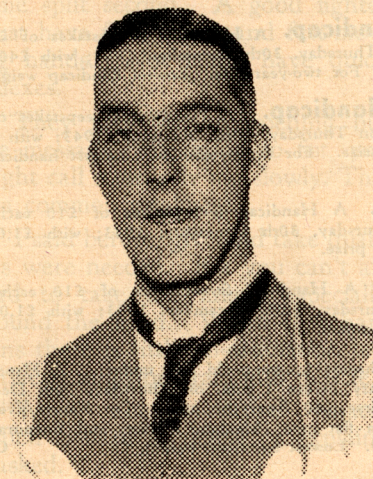
Another suggestion is that the pool balls be spotted, but that the black shall go on the yellow spot and vice

versa. The striker would be required to make the first stroke on the yellow from hand.

A New Game.

A new game invented by Mr. David Ross, manager of Fairplay Billiards Club, Keighley (Eng.) is called "Chase the Green," and the ball-setting is as follows:

On the baulk line are placed yellow, on left spot of D, red in centre



Tom Newman.

and green on right spot of D. Brown goes on to the Blue spot and pink and black spotted as usual. In between the red on the baulk line another red is placed, straight in line, half-way between it and the brown and other single reds are placed between the brown and pink, and pink and black. The rules are simple.

The scoring values are: Black (8), pink (6), Brown (4), green (3), yellow (2).

Game starts by hitting pink from hand. Cannons on any two pool balls count 2.

Any number of pool balls can be potted in one stroke.

Hitting reds with cue-ball or potting reds or going in-off red balls—all scores are forfeited and the player starts again from zero. The cue-ball contacting a red after striking a pool ball is a fair shot.

Pool balls can be potted in any pocket except that the green, at least once in every game, must be sunk in the left-hand baulk pocket.

Duration of game is 51 up.

A player cannot hit a red ball direct with the cue-ball in order to leave a snooker.

If from a miss a snooker is inadvertently laid, the next player plays from hand.

Tom Newman Passes.

Billiards and snooker players will have learned with sincere regret that Tom Newman (Eng.), one of the world's greatest exponents, passed on to the Great Beyond since last issue of this magazine. He was a delightful personality and extremely popular with all with whom he made contact when visiting Sydney a few years back. Apart from his billiards he possessed a genial personality and had the faculty of making friends immediately on contact. Tom had "IT" and earned plaudits for his displays even in defeat. You have to be well above the average to have such things written honestly about you when the last call comes. Vale, Tom. Among our members who knew you only the sweetest memories remain.

**DANDRUFF
GOES!**



After a few applications of McMahon's Hair Restorer . . . leaving the scalp clean and fresh. McMahon's is quickly effective for scurf, itching and dryness of the scalp and for falling hair. Good, too, for cradle-cap . . . because McMahon's may be used on the tenderest scalp. McMahon's Hair Restorer promotes growth, keeps the hair lustrous and soft.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hair-dressers and Stores.
Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

McMahon's
GUARANTEED

HAIR RESTORER

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

CARRINGTON AND CUP MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1944

The Novice Handicap (for horses five-years-old and under). A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. ONE MILE.

The Two-Year-Old Handicap. A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80 and third horse £40 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. FIVE FURLONGS.

The Three-Year-Old Handicap. A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. SEVEN FURLONGS.

The Carrington Stakes. A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200 and third horse £100 from the prize. SIX FURLONGS.

Tattersall's Club Cup. A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. ONE MILE AND A HALF.

The Trial Stakes (for horses five-years-old and under). A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden, Novice, and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

The Alfred Hill Handicap. A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943; with £400 added. Second horse £80, and third horse £40 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. ONE MILE.

Entries for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

ENTRIES for the Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 p.m. on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1943.

ENTRIES for the above races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 p.m. on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1943.

WEIGHTS for the Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, December 13th, 1943.

WEIGHTS for the minor events will be declared at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 28th December, 1943.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1943, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

PENALTIES:—In all the above races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb. The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day when one or the other of the races are affected by the conditions of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

The Sports Round in America

With Grantland Rice

Post-War Boxing Champions—What It Takes

Former world's champion Jack Dempsey, now Lieutenant Commander in U.S.A., reckons that the post-war boxing average will be higher than ever before in the history of the ring-game.

But he does not consider that boxing in the Forces will develop an overplus of champions.

He puts it this way:

"As close as I can figure it," Jack said, "around 30,000 men have been under our supervision in ring instruction.

"Most of them have been great boys, keen and willing. But so far as boxing goes if we could get one real, high-grade champion out of the 30,000, I'd be quite satisfied."

"These odds are actually too short," Dempsey continued. "This would mean that from an army of 10,000,000 men we'd get 300 boxing champions. The odds are we won't get twenty ring stars. It's a tough game — the toughest of all!"

The Old Mauler is right. The high-class boxing or ring crop is the shortest parade, the smallest group, in sport.

I asked Dempsey to name the main ingredients a ring champion needs.

"First," he said, "ability to take it and ability to give it. These are about 50-50. A good fighter must be able to hand out punishment and to handle his share of the same.

"After that come speed and quick reflexes. You must see your opening and make your move in the same split second. A good fighter must have foot action and fast-moving hands. Not many have quick reflexes.

"They may see an opening but the message from mind to fist, you might call it, travels too slowly. This is a common weakness.

"I said before, give and take qualities were needed. But you can't afford to take too much, especially around the head. When that happens there is little co-ordination left between mind or brain and muscle."

"What about natural knack, which is hard to define or explain" I asked.

"That's the bigger part. For example, from the thirty thousand

Service men I've worked with or watched, you'll find many who are well-built, strong, fast and game. But you can have all that and still not be champion golfer or great ballplayer.

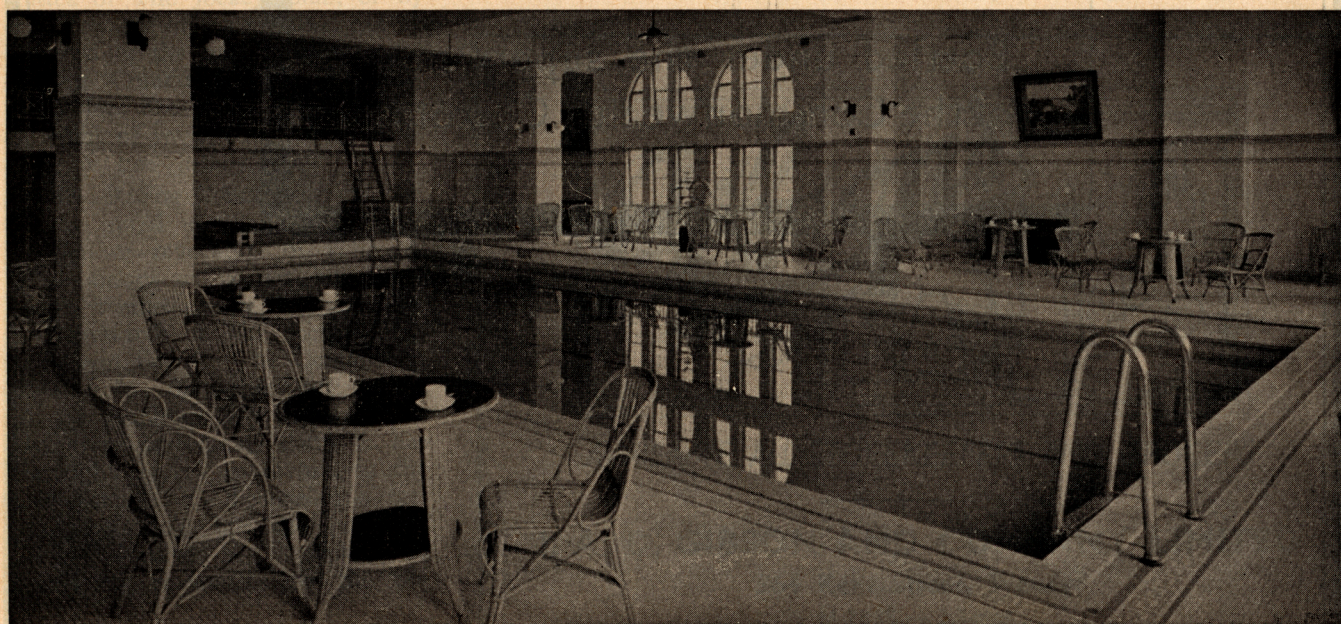
"Think it over. We've had only about sixteen heavyweight champions in 60 years — from Sullivan to Louis. And a few of these were not too hot.

"Knack is something I can't explain. I guess nobody else can. Jim Corbett developed his boxing skill by hard work, but most of it was born in him.

"Joe Louis was born with fast-moving hands. Even when he was first coming up Joe could deliver three or four punches so fast you could only see one or two. I don't think I've ever seen hands more faster than Louis's, considering also the power they carried. Fast hands that carry no punishment, of course, don't mean so much."

"Harry Greb had a pair that could move in a hurry," I suggested.

(Continued on Page 15.)



The Club Swimming Pool.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALY IMPORTED

HOUSE Whisky

(Highland Nectar)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

The Sport Round in America

(Continued from Page 13.)

Dempsey grinned. "I found that out in a couple of training camps. I never saw as much whistling leather in my life."

RACING CONTROL IN U.S.A.

How It Works.

New York racegoers have raised plaintive cries and protests about the conduct of the game, but they have been off the target.

In order to clear up the muddle, the Chairman of the New York Racing Commission, Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope, was approached and said:—

"The original arbiters are the three Stewards of the meeting; one appointed by the Commission, the second by The Jockey Club, and the third by the Racing Association. A fourth—honorary—is named by The Jockey Club. He has no vote, but takes part in discussion.

"Above the Stewards of the meeting, come the Stewards of The Jockey Club who pass on all problems referred to them by the lower court. The original issue of licence, the suspension of licence or the revocation of licence, are in the hands of these two groups. Any action on the refusal or the revocation of a licence either by the licensing committee of The Jockey Club, or by the Stewards of the meeting, can be referred to the final authority, the Racing Commission which, however, does not sit alone but shares its right of review with two Stewards of The Jockey Club.

"The Racing Commission can act, in the initial instance, in the suspension or revocation of a licence of a jockey or trainer but, once again, it must sit, by law, with the two Stewards of The Jockey Club as a joint board. The Commission does hold the sole jurisdiction in the granting of a licence to a race track and racing dates. It has the right by law to revoke, in the first instance, the licence of a racing association, but the processes thereby involved are legalistic and specifically reviewable by the Supreme Court.

"In this section of the law there is definitely a need for legislation to

provide the Commission with a sting. For example, if a track fails to produce ambulance service or an extra gate, or violates a lesser rule of the Commission, the Commissioner has no power to punish the association short of the actual revocation of licence — too severe a penalty in these cases.

"The Commission should have the right to punish a track by the imposition of fines. It has no such power now. The Commission once more is asking that the Legislature provide it with that authority.

ONE REASON WHY

Looking over the list of retired or injured horses, a somewhat baffled non-combatant wants to know why a human athlete carries so much more ruggedness and durability than a horse.

The answer is fairly simple. I recall no human being who was ever called upon to carry from 1,000 to 1,100 lb. upon such slender underpinning.

Babe Ruth was a marvel in supporting from 225 to 250 lb. upon thin ankles for twenty years.

When a 1,050 lb. horse steps into a hole or a rut, something is bound to bend if not to break.

That means over half a ton thrown upon legs not much larger than a man's wrist.

ALL THE WORLD OVER

You can't tell folks to stop betting — any more than you can tell them to stop breathing or stop eating.

Considering the fact that all working mutuel machines, plus an increasing number of bookmakers, are breaking all betting records this season, your correspondent has gone to work on the best advice one could give to the millions of dreamers who believe they can still beat 11 per cent.

All this involves a small matter of at least a billion dollars for 1943, invested with a cockeyed wench by the name of Dame Fortune.

Every one must know that of the billion dollars wagered, through the mutuels or the bookies, something over a hundred million dollars are going where the woodbine twineth. Which means to the State, the track owners, the Government, and the bookies.

After a careful survey from old-timers these may cut down losses:—

- (1) Don't bet on every race.
- (2) Beat the market—if you can.
- (3) Consider form, jockeys, track conditions, and stable records.
- (4) Duck tips and hunches.



AVAILABLE ALL STOREKEEPERS AND GROCERS

J. A. D. GIBSON AND COMPANY LIMITED

364 Kent Street, Sydney.

M 2328 — 3 Lines.

Newcastle Branch - - - - - Corner King and Darby Streets.

######

CHARLES KINSELA

PTY. LIMITED
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Established 1830.

**SERVICE WITH
ECONOMY.**

**DAY AND NIGHT
SERVICE.**

OXFORD STREET
TAYLOR SQUARE
DARLINGHURST.
Phones: FL 4136-7-8

C. H. W. KINSELA, Governing Director.

Telephone : MX 1447 (4 lines).

The
"HARBOUR"
Newspaper and Publishing Co. Ltd.

Specialising in the production of
MAGAZINES, TRADE JOURNALS,
CATALOGUES, NEWSPAPERS AND
GENERAL STATIONERY.

120-124 CHALMERS STREET, SYDNEY

Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.

W. GLAZEBROOK

POULTERERS

50 Cross Street, Double Bay

English Game always on Hand.
Hotels and Restaurants Supplied.

Tailors — Hatters — Shirtmakers

SIM & CHALONER

65 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.
(near King Street)

'Phone : MA 3851.

Our business has been maintained and extended by
kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.

There's a Reason for it!

The demand for up-to-date well-printed Labels and
Wrappers proves that Manufacturers realise that

**A Good Article must have
a Good Appearance**

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN DO

Ross Brothers Pty. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1862.

Colour and General Printers, Carton Manufacturers

545-547 Kent Street, SYDNEY Telephone M 4955 (3 lines)



WEST MAITLAND

EAST and West Maitland are the centre of one of the richest agricultural and coal-mining districts in N.S.W., and at all seasons of the year crops of one kind or another are to be seen there. West Maitland is the chief cattle and horse market in the north of N.S.W.

Wallis's Creek, emptying into the Hunter River, divides the Maitlands into West and East. The aspect of the country through which this creek flows is that of a huge, well-tilled garden.

The Hunter River, the native name of which is "Coquon," was discovered and named by Lieutenant Shortland of H.M.S. "Reliance" on September 10th, 1798, when in pursuit of convicts who had seized and decamped on her voyage from Sydney to the Hawkesbury, with one of the best Government boats of the day named the "Cumberland."

In such a manner was the Hunter River district first visited by white men.

So glowing was Lieutenant Shortland's report of what he had seen and although Governor Hunter deplored the opening up of new territory and the consequent enlargement of governmental responsibilities, as early as two years later, coal was first exported from the district.

In June 1801, the river was surveyed as far as where West Maitland stands to-day by men whose names are famous in our history, Lieut.-Col. Patterson, Lieut. Grant, Ensign Barrelier and Surgeon Harris.

For about ten years from this date the district was visited by timber-getters, who floated cedar-logs to Newcastle, thence to be shipped to Sydney.

In May 1804, a small settlement was established for the purpose of banishing the ring-leaders of the Castle Hill rebellion. The River at this time was still known as the Coal River and it did not receive the name "Hunter" until some time later.

In the early days the district was known as "Molly Morgan's," after an Irish woman who was the sole occupant for some time. Governor Macquarie, in 1812, authorised a few settlers to farm in the locality which at this time was known as "The Camp."

In 1818, the name of the district had changed yet again; it was known as "Wallis Plains," after Capt. James Wallis of 46th Regiment, who was commandant at Newcastle at that time.

The choice of the sites of East and West Maitland came about in a most extraordinary manner. During Governor Darling's early administration, in the year 1827, negotiations were commenced with Mr. E. C. Close, late Lieutenant in 48th Regiment, for the exchange of his land grant for the purpose of laying out the settlement on that site.

Unfortunately the proposal was broken off and settlers braving the hazards of floods commenced building on land known as "The Swamp."

Later the choice of site still not pleasing the settlers at Wallis Plains, a proclamation was

issued defining the boundaries of the two towns, East and West Maitland.

Strange to relate, the first settlement in Maitland did not take place on the town allotment, which was found to be insufficiently supplied with water, but on a strip of land formerly the property of an old man named Patrick Maloney, one of the first exiles to Newcastle. Having obtained his emancipation, he became possessed of from 160 to 170 acres.

This valuable spot, then worth not more than £50, he disposed of in three years to various persons chiefly for rum, and in 1831, when the value of the property was estimated at £100,000, he did not own any of it.

The late Mr. Thomas Crewe, who died a little more than 34 years ago, arrived in Maitland in 1830, and he left behind him an interesting word-picture of the embryo town. . .

"There were but 14 houses in Maitland then. All the work of road-making and bridge-building was carried out by gangs of convicts under Government overseers.

There was a gallows on Stockade Hill—that was in East Maitland—and not far from the gallows, the walls of an unfinished church. Three of the fourteen houses were public-houses, the "Rose Inn," the "Angel Inn" and the "Albion Inn." There was a bridge across the river—the Hunter River even then—but on it was a turn-pike, owned by private individuals who charged 6d. a day toll.

'Twas a fine district; even in 1830 there was a vineyard, Alexander McLeod's, at Luskintyre and in that year even, it yielded a second crop of grapes."

Before the innovation of steam in 1829, a cattle packet, the "Lord Liverpool" sailed weekly between Sydney and Newcastle, the journey taking about 12 hours.

From Newcastle passengers were transferred to small boats which carried them to Maitland, or as an alternative they completed the journey by horseback or dray.

With the settlement of the Hunter River district and other areas northward, Maitland developed into a very important commercial, financial and industrial centre, and at one time was the second town in N.S.W.

From its earliest period Maitland has been a centre for the encouragement of all indus-

tries. In December, 1838, J. J. Cohen opened a soap factory and sold the best yellow soap at 4½d. a lb. and as early as 1840, a tobacco manufactory was established by Walthall & Clarke, two Americans.

To Maitland belongs the honour of having the oldest provincial journal in N.S.W., the "Mercury," which was established in 1843 and first published as a weekly paper.

In 1847, as a result of a meeting convened by James King of "Irrawang," the "Hunter River Vineyard Association" came into being, this

being the nucleus of the present "N.S.W. Vineyard Association."

The Victoria Bridge was opened in 1852 and under the chairmanship of William Charles Wentworth, the Hunter River Railway Coy. laid the foundation of the present railway service on 7th July, 1855, when the first sod on the line between Hexham and East Maitland was turned.

The undertaking was ultimately transferred to the Government and amid great rejoicing in Maitland, on July 27th, 1858, the line finally was opened.

Floods have ever been the destroyer of the farmer's hopes and the fruits of his labour, but in Maitland there has been, in their evil, a soul of goodness for to the recurrence of

floods in the past, the soil owes its unrivalled richness. Up to 1907, the total cost of flood protection had exceeded £40,000.

West Maitland was proclaimed a Municipality in 1863 with W. H. Muller as first Mayor.

This district is the proud possessor of the world-famous Stud farms of Tocal and Duninauld, both of which have been in the hands of the Reynolds family for many years.

In July 1801, coal was seen in the district by Colonel Patterson's party and 50 years later an outcrop discovered in a creek near Mount Vincent. Almost immediately Capt. Baume-Russell opened a small pit at Stony Creek and from that modest venture has grown the colossal industry of to-day—the working of the richest coal measures in the Southern Hemisphere.

Maitland, the centre of activity through coal production, thrived.

The men who pioneered this enterprise: H. T. Adams, O. K. Young, P. M. Waddey, R. A. Young, G. F. Earp, W. T. Gillam and others, paid their way as they went along, combatting the various troubles like pioneers of old, converting bush into thriving settlements, eventually assisting not only in opening up the greatest and wealthiest coalfields in Australia, but also in developing and fostering the agricultural, viticultural, fruit growing and dairying industries of the district which can boast of being one of the greatest wine-producing areas of the Commonwealth.

And so from one sole inhabitant—Molly Morgan—at the beginning of the last century has evolved the thriving and populous centre of to-day.

Cattle, dairy cows, sheep, horses and pigs are supported by this rich district which also, in addition to its hundreds of tons of grapes, produces maize, oats, rye, sorghum and lucerne.

Maitland—"This Garden of Eden," so described by the Governor-General, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, on the occasion of Maitland's Centenary Celebrations in 1935, ranks high among the larger towns in N.S.W.—for many years thought of only in terms of coal, but which to-day, backed by one of the finest agricultural districts in the State, moves forward to achieve a new destiny.



West Maitland Branch.

The RURAL BANK

OF NEW SOUTH WALES